

The Acton Free Press

The only paper ever published in Acton



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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1956

A Bit of Local History

The sometimes headlong pace of 20th century living makes for many sentimental musings. Old habits die, just as old buildings come down; generations-old landmarks come into disrepair or disuse as their utility disappears.

Such a sentiment occurred the other day when we looked at Acton's old iron water trough at the south-east corner of Main and Mill Streets. There it sits, rusted and dry, dirtied with gravel, sand and paper refuse.

Years ago, scores of horses satisfied their thirst at this trough, hundreds of dogs lapped the cold, hard water. Small boys—and some bigger ones, too—weren't at all hesitant about using the trough to irreverently baptize some deserving and protesting companion. The old trough saw many hi-jinks around and in it while serving its original purpose well.

Today no horses come for a refreshing drink, no dogs scamper to its rim and no young Actonians hold gleeful water fights around it. The old trough has seen its day, but we'd hate to see this concrete form of local history end up on a scrap heap. Some day, perhaps not too far away, Acton will have a municipal centre. Perhaps in the landscaping or structure of this municipal centre such a curio—as it is becoming—could be incorporated or utilized. Maybe not, but it would be too bad to see such a significant historical item as Acton's ornate old iron trough be forgotten altogether.

Peace is More Than a Word

Peace is more than a word. It is more than a spot of ink on a piece of paper, or a sound on our lips. In an inspired democracy, what are the elements that make up peace?

Peace is living out the principles of inspired democracy in obedience to the guidance of God.

Peace is a new spirit. It is not just an idea, but people becoming different.

Peace is building unity instead of fostering division. Division is the mark of our age—unity is the grace of rebirth.

Peace is taking responsibility for our own mistakes. Honest apology is the high road to honest peace.

Peace is ensuring that the prevailing idea of both sides of the conference table is not who's right, but what's right.

Peace is acting on the conviction that the whole world is my neighbor.

Peace is using the absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love as a basis for solving world problems.

Peace is reconciliation between men. Charters devoid of moral standards will never bring peace.

Peace is a vision of the world rebuilt, which begins in our own heart and home and then is carried across the nation.

Human nature can be changed. That is the root of the answer. National economies can be changed. That is the fruit of the answer. World history can be changed. That is the destiny of our age.—Contributed.

Brief Comment

It is alarming the number of bicycles that are to be seen on the streets without lights of any kind. Any boy or girl who takes the risk of riding along a dark street without a light should feel the firm hand of home discipline.—Kelowna (B.C.) Courier.

It is encouraging to see the reaction of a large part of the Canadian press to the attempt of certain politicians to interfere with CBC programs. The CBC as a means of public discussion must be a completely independent body so far as its programs are concerned.—Red Deer (Alta.) Advocate.

Canada is a land rich in natural resources, something which most of us take for granted. Few of us are conscious of our exceptional good fortune in living in an age in which our known minerals, metals, oils and gas are more valuable than ever before.—Drumheller (Alta.) Mail.

The Beast in Socialism

Events in eastern Europe during the past few weeks have clearly demonstrated again that the oppressive rule of Communism cannot prevail where the spirit of freedom, politically expressed in democracy, is held or sought for. And these days, in the blistered streets of Budapest, it is being fought for.

The Poles, who since 1945 stubbornly baited Soviet imperialism by their refusal to bow to collectivization of their farmlands, have again gained the admiration of the western world by their bravery and determination. Effectively, and cleverly without bloodshed, Poland has ruptured the circle of Soviet satellites. They have pulled a "Tito" and got away with it.

Poland still contends with a communist government, but it is no longer a rubber stamp of Moscow. There is no reason to believe Poland now will content herself with the restricting rule of her own communists. More will be heard from Poland before long.

In Hungary the story is a sadder one. According to reports, thousands of lightly armed patriots have died under the guns of Russian tanks in the old capital, Budapest. Fighting is still blazing despite reports early this week that the new Premier Nagy has assured Hungarians the Soviet armies will leave the country.

Today then, little more than 10 years after the colonial chains of Russian Communism tightened openly about the Baltic states, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Balkan countries, revolt is spreading and augers the disruption of orthodox socialism—or ordered suppression as it ultimately amounts to.

In any event, how will Russia ever again be able to blandly banter in the U.N. and other conference centres of the world of her "peoples" governments in these countries?

The events in eastern Europe these days have vividly shown the beast in Russia—and in socialism.

Good Weather-Bad Memories

There are no complaints, of any kind, about the pleasantly mild weather this autumn is bringing. While we don't follow regional or Dominion weather bureau statistics, surely October has equalled or set some records for its sunshine and warmth.

In many minds this would seem proper justice. If ever a summer was unseasonably cold and wet, last summer was. Now the protracted Indian Summer this fall seems to be erasing the unsavory memory of July and August's rains and cold.

Not from all memories, however. The capricious way of the weather this year caused disturbing crop outcomes. There was widespread late planting due to the sodden state of the ground. Some farmers in the west part of the province didn't get sowing done at all. When grains did start the warm, wet earth made for rapid growth, but many farm operators questioned or feared for quality in the face of high yields.

Root crops fared in like manner. Here, however, the problem of rot-causing moisture was more acute than the scattered difficulty with grains where late summer warmth and rains ripened and rotted patches of fields before the downpours would hold off long enough for cutting.

For these and other reasons, few farmers will as easily forget the summer's inconsistency as others, enjoyable as this autumn may be.

A Barbaric Twist in Us?

While we must admit to not being an avid follower of the sports pages of the daily press we do take time in our usual reading habits to at least scan them. From that point we are quite often appalled.

Recently in one of the large circulation dailies, and probably in many more we didn't see, was reproduced a picture of Isaac Logg of Cuba as his features were twisted inhumanely out of all proportion by the hard left jab of an opponent in a fight at Boston.

From the point of view of the professional photographer, who no doubt had spent many fruitless hours at ringside, the photograph would be a crowning achievement. It was no doubt the kind of picture for which photographers win awards.

We're told in the lines under the picture that the fight was a split decision. But beyond the decision we wonder just what the effects of such a fight and such a photograph might be.

Perhaps it's some ingrained opposition to fighting in any form that seems to have developed in us, but we are constantly appalled by the "sport" of boxing.

Of course the boxers are in the ring because it's their form of employment and that's why the spectator is the promoter. And because of this when we're faced with a picture that relays to us the grim reality of the sports effect, we think it's time to stop and re-examine the principles and motives that lead to support of this kind of "sport".

Psychologists can have a field day with this kind of discussing leading back to our animal instincts and complexes. We don't intend to go that far but we do think the fan who gets a real kick out of the defacing sport should give more thought to the fighters.



Dead Leaves and Lively Fun

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Room Near Soundproof Retreat

By Gwendolyn F. Clarke

Remember—two or three months ago I wrote of having moved all my books, papers, typewriter and writing materials upstairs to a room that was to be exclusively my own? It seemed like a lot of work at the time and in the middle of it I wondered whether it was worthwhile.

Now I know. It is the one room in the house that is not invaded by pattering feet, chattering tongues and inquisitive fingers. Without it this column would never get written. But of course no room in this house is sound proof. Occasionally I hear a crash and then a cry—long or short according to the severity of the bump that preceded it. And when the television is on noises that reach my retreat are many and varied—dogs barking, children singing, guns cracking and a so-called mixture of music.

Last Wednesday another niece and nephew arrived with their two small children. They stayed until Saturday. The ages of the four children ranged from three and a half, two and a half and eighteen and seventeen months old—with two cots and one high chair between them. Yes, I know many more in the house all the time but usually the children are in their own home, amid familiar surroundings and with furniture and toys to suit their needs.

Here it is different—and that is where the fun begins. We are not used to putting things out of reach, so you can imagine what happens. One time Nancy was found on top of the kitchen table with Partner's glasses clutched tightly in her hand. Another time

one of the four was sitting quietly on the floor giving my handbag and wallet a thorough investigation.

But the pay-off came when the two youngest were found having a grand time in the bathroom. I'll spare you the details! Result—another door equipped with a hook on the outside.

At noon and at supper time Partner comes in and describes the various outside exploits of the children which leads us to give full credit to the old saying, "The Lord takes care of children and fools." There are times when none but the Lord could protect them against themselves. And yet, although we often get tired and welcome bedtime for the youngsters we are really enjoying the experience.

Of course we are not getting much work done and I have long since given up any attempt at keeping the house tidy, but so far we have all managed to survive—and that, I guess, is the main thing. Occasionally Partner and I get away from it all. But not always—sometimes we get away and take it all with us.

Last Sunday, for instance, Edward's christening party, which included a big family gathering, Edward was on his best behaviour; sat up in his high chair surveying the scene and obviously wondering what all the fuss was about and not even getting a taste of his christening cake.

Coming home that night we passed a four or five car pile-up on the Queen E. traffic held up for about a mile. Next morning never a word about it in the morning paper which makes us wonder how many accidents there are that we

never hear about. As Partner says accidents are now so numerous they don't even make the news unless someone is killed. Which is just as well—the Monday morning newscast is depressing enough as it is.

One other day last week a friend and I visited briefly at a farm in another county. This farm was decidedly out of the ordinary. The only crop grown was a forage crop; the only animals raised were thorough-bred horses. There were about forty of them, beautiful creatures with a marvellous carriage and sleek, shiny coats.

Afternoon tea was quite an interesting event. We had it in the kitchen and shared it with a German Shepherd dog, a huge St. Bernard, a year-old baby and a pet racoon!

The racoon has the run of the house and came up from the basement as soon as he heard the rattle of dishes. During the tea he got under the table and chewed at my shoes. Our hostess assured me he was perfectly harmless as his claws had been cut and his teeth filed—after he had twice bitten the man of the house, who was subsequently given anti-tetanus shots. Nice little pet!

His mistress said he was completely house-broken except that he had no respect for property. Recently she had to answer "the telephone during breakfast and came back to find Kelly had eaten her bacon and eggs." But he does not like to be scolded," she said, "so I just ignored him and cooked myself a second breakfast."

Our wonderful weather continues, but no rain. That reminds me—remember a few weeks ago we thought something had been struck around here during a severe thunderstorm, but could find no sign of damage. Last Sunday we discovered the trouble. After our trip to Toronto Partner was naturally late with the chores at the barn—and never a light could he get outside at all. Evidently during the storm some wires had been struck. The result was two blown fuses and a bulb burnt out in the pole light. We thought ourselves lucky it was nothing worse.

"The Tender Trap" Has Some Hard Luck

OAKVILLE—Just how much of a trap is "The Tender Trap", which was presented at Victoria Hall by the Oakville Arts and Crafts?

In a rehearsal, Lloyd MacDougall broke two ribs. The role calls for a few punches. The lead actor, Byron Collins, hit Lloyd MacDougall in the ribs complaining of the pain. MacDougall found he had two cracked ribs.

A day later, Larry Reynolds, who just has a small part, fell and slipped a disc in his back. His part was taken from the script.

September Has 225 Accidents in District

Ontario Provincial Police statistics in September for District Three, which includes Halton county, records 225 motor vehicle accidents with two fatalities and 97 persons injured. A total of 1,473 charges were laid during this period. For the same month there were 5,318 vehicles checked by police.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1936

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, November 5, 1936.

At the meeting of Nassagaweya council on Friday, Mr. John Marshall tendered his resignation as clerk of the municipality. He has been identified with Nassagaweya council interests for 52 years, with 25 years as clerk.

A good crowd attended the first evening's presentation of the local play, The Rugged Truth, last night in the town hall and had a full two and a half hours' fun. The presentation was under the auspices of the Acton Tennis Club. Trouble commenced when an artist, Joe Hurst, and a writer, Jack Reid, failed to get a market for their products. The landlady was played by Miss Frances Hurst. A rich uncle, Charles Kirkness, and a rich aunt, Miss Marguerite Ryder, arranged a visit. The landlady's daughter, played by Mrs. Charles Kirkness, pretended to be married to the artist, which her fiancé, Mr. Jack McGeachin, did not appreciate. Others in the cast included Miss Laura McMullen, Gordon Cook and Miss Flora Sayers. Between acts, music was supplied by Acton Concert orchestra.

The November meeting of Lakeside chapter I.O.O.F. was held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. J. Stewart. Two new members, Mrs. Charles Kirkness and Mrs. Wm. Ramsden, signed the book.

Winners in the United States elections were Franklin D. Roosevelt and vice-president Garner. There are not so many crowds in Callander these days and the little Quints have the place almost to themselves.

Temperature went down below freezing again last night. Badminton is the chief of the town sports item this week. Guelph were the visitors last week. Halloween has come and gone and little damage is reported in town. Additional police, a vigilant guard, had been secured.

A wrestling and boxing club is being formed at the Y for all who might be interested in this manly sport.

Remembrance Day service next Wednesday.

BACK IN 1906

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 1, 1906.

The number of typhoid cases in Wilmot in November was 200.

Chicken thieves have been busy on the outskirts of town recently. Mr. Hugh Mann had over 40 of his flock stolen; Mr. James Quantic, borough three of his prize white Wyandottes. The losers have strong suspicions as to who the thieves are and suspect they have not been long in this country.

Hallowe'en with its customary program of doings was celebrated last evening. The pranksters were out as usual and enjoyed the general program of senseless and more or less destructive pranks. St. Joseph's church and the Disciples church are being installed with fixtures for the electric light.

Move on, young men! It is unseemly, not to say unlawful, to congregate at street corners and at the post office doorway.

Snow flurries are of daily occurrence. Half a dozen local sportsmen made a day of it Monday and were quite successful in bagging partridge, rabbits and cottontails.

Mr. Peter Hills left a citron at this office weighing 26 pounds. The sum of \$192.88 was placed upon the plates in the Methodist church on Sunday as the congregational contribution to the Connexional Funds of the church. Of course, this does not include the usual missionary offerings.

Owing to the increased amount of drunkenness in Oakville, another local option campaign may be started there.

Motors have been installed in nearly all the places in the town where the number of lights require it. Several new ones will be installed this week.

Last Friday evening, about a score of the members of Acton Lodge I.O.O.F., under the leadership of I. Francis, D.D.G.M. and L. Williams, N.G., paid a fraternal visit to Streetsville. A strong team in charge of Frank McIntosh, Con., put on the initiative and degree work.

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